you ſhould not be conioyned, I charge you on your ſoules to vtter it.

Claudio Know you any, Hero?

Hero None my lord.

Frier Know you any, Counte?

Leonato I dare make his anſwer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. Howe nowe! interiections? why then, ſome be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he.

Claudio Stand thee by Frier, father by your leaue,
Will you with free and vnconſtrained ſoule
Giue me this maide your daughter?

Leonata As freely ſonne as God did giue her mee.

Claudio And what haue I to giue you backe whoſe woorth
May counterpoiſe this rich and pretious gift?

Princn Nothing, vnleſſe you render her againe.

Claudio Sweete Prince, you learne me noble thankfulnes:
There Leonato, take her backe againe,
Giue not this rotten orenge to your friend,
Shee's but the ſigne and ſemblance of her honor:
Behold how like a maide ſhe bluſhes heere!
O what authoritie and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſinne couer it ſelfe withall!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt euidence,
To witneſſe ſimple Vertue? would you not ſweare
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maide,
By theſe exterior ſhewes? But ſhe is none:
She knowes the heate of a luxurious bed:
Her bluſh is guiltineſſe, not modeſtie.

Leonato What do you meane, my lord?

Claudio Not to be married,
Not to knit my ſoule to an approoued wanton.

Leonato Deere my lord, if you in your owne proofe,
Haue vanquiſht the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeate of her virginitie.

Claudio I know what you would ſay: if I haue knowne her,
You

You will ſay, ſhe did imbrace me as a husband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſinne: No Leonato,
I neuer tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhewed
Baſhfull ſinceritie, and comelie loue.

Hero And ſeemde I euer otherwiſe to you?

Claudio Out on thee ſeeming, I wil write againſt it,
You ſeeme to me as Diane in her Orbe,
As chaſte as is the budde ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than Venus, or thoſe pampred animalls,
That rage in ſauage ſenſualitie.

Hero Is my Lord well that he doth ſpeake ſo wide?

Leonato Sweete prince, why ſpeake not you?

Prince What ſhould I ſpeake?
I ſtand diſhonourd that haue gone about,
To lincke my deare friend to a common ſtale.

Leonato Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dreame?

Baſtard Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.

Bened. This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hero True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the princes brother?
Is this face Heroes? are our eies our owne?

Leonato All this is ſo, but what of this my Lord?

Claud. Let me but moue one queſtion to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you haue in her, bid her anſwer truly.

Leonato I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.

Hero O God defend me how am I beſet,
What kind of catechiſing call you this?

Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name.

Hero Is it not Hero, who can blot that name
With any iuſt reproch?

Claud. Mary that can Hero,
Hero it ſelfe can blot out Heroes vertue.
What man was he talkt with you yeſternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelue and one?

Now